

The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

ANDERSON, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 6, 1897.

VOLUME XXXII-- NO. 28

For Three Days Only!

Thursday,
Friday,
Saturday,

January 7, 8 and 9,

— WE OFFER ANY —

\$10.00 Overcoat

— IN OUR HOUSE —

For \$5.00.

Got too many \$10.00 Overcoats. Don't want to carry them over.
None of these Overcoats taken out on approval. Spot cash. No deviation.

B. O. EVANS & CO.

THOS. A. ARCHER. CLARENCE OSBORNE.

ARCHER & OSBORNE

WISH the public to know that they have recently opened up a new line of FIRST CLASS—

Cooking and Heating Stoves,
Cooking Utensils of all kinds,
Crocery, Lamps, Glassware,
Tinware, Woodenware, &c.,

And that they propose selling them as cheap as anybody in Anderson. Come and see our goods and get our prices. We will treat you right. We want your trade. We want to give you full value for it. We are also prepared to do all kinds of TINWORK, such as—

Roofing, Gutting and Repairing.

Our Shop is well equipped, and we will do your work on short notice and at reasonable prices.

We are kept up for business. Don't give us the go-by.

Yours truly,

ARCHER & OSBORNE.

EAT TO LIVE!

This is usually the case, but now is the time to live to eat. If you fail to buy your Christmas Goods from—

LIGON & LEBBETTER

You can't enjoy this pleasure.

RAISINS, CURRANTS, CITRON,
Fine this year than ever.
COCONUTS, ALMONDS, BRAZIL NUTS,
ENGLISH WALNUTS, PECANS,
HAZEL NUTS, MALAGA GRAPES,
APPLES cheaper than ever.

Everything to make home happy in our line.

Special prices to Merchants.

LIGON & LEBBETTER,

A Car Apples just received.

Wholesale Grocers.

LEND US YOUR EAR!

AND LISTEN TO OUR SONG!

We have on hand the largest stock we have ever carried, and our motto is to sell goods, not keep them. . .

OUR Line of Shoes is large and complete.

Closing out a lot of Ladies \$1.00 Shoes at 75c. Also a lot of Men's High Cut Bro-gans at \$1.00. There is good wear in both of these Shoes, and the price is dirt cheap. We don't mean to be undersold in Flour. All bought before the rise, and it's bound to go in a hurry. 50 barrels of good family Flour to go at \$3.50. Tobacco cheaper than ever heard of before. Come and try our "Fire Heat" at 21c. One of the best shows on the market.

We mean business, and ask you to give us a chance and we are bound to sell you. A new lot of Blue Straw Wheat just arrived.

O. D. ANDERSON & BRO.

P. S.—Bring your Peas, Corn, Butter, Eggs, etc., to us.

A Big Failure!

WE are glad to announce that the CORN CROP for 1896 with our SHOE CUSTOMERS has been a total failure. This explains the absence of smiling Corn Dealers in our midst, together with the fact that our sales on SHOES have increased 15 per cent. Figures talk for themselves—do our Shoes. Our Shoe line is a dandy, but "there are others." For instance—

Our Elegant line of Flour,

On which we have a booming, growing trade and a happy set of customers. Once a customer on Dean's Patent always a customer.

See us before buying even a pound of COFFEE, SUGAR, or anything.

Yours always truly,

DEAN & RATLIFF.

Cotton Buyers for Trade—not for Profit.

SHOES, SHOES.

Just Opened, our

Fall Stock Shoes,

At Greatly Reduced Prices.

Call and examine our Stock before buying, as we can SAVE YOU MONEY.

THE YATES SHOE COMPANY,

Anderson, S. C.

SAM JONES ON GENIUS.

Diversity Is the Rule of Humanity.

Atlanta Journal.

Humanity is many-sided, is of many kinds—all casts, colors, cliques and kinds. In all phases of life we have diversity. America in its social life ranges from the dukes of the four hundred to the old red-nosed bums in the back alley saloons; from the society woman to the old darky hunting possums because his home is out of meat. In the business world from millionaires down to mendicants. In the political world, they range from Gladstone to a State legislator. There may be something below that, but he is nearly out of sight. In the farmer life from the big planter down to the old darky with the stiff-eared mule, in the manufacturing circles, from Carnegie, of Pittsburgh, to the red-neck of Mississippi, sitting up with his tar kiln. In the railroad world, from George B. Roberts, president of the Pennsylvania, to the brakeman on some jerk-water road out west. Oh, the millions of teeming, struggling humanity between these two extremes in all the classes I have mentioned. Energy and thrift and brains head the procession in the commercial and professional world, with now and then a genius like Edison in electricity; a Milton Smith in railroading; a Philip Armour in manipulating.

A man who does big things, great big things, and keeps on doing them, is a genius. Just any ordinary, common fellow could not do it the first time; and he cannot keep on doing it. An old-fashioned cannon will shoot as loud as a Gatling gun, but it just can't keep on shooting a hundred times a minute till it gets so hot you have to pour water on it. A little pig won't fill a big hole. You have got to brush the pig or lose it. A frog might be as big as an ox if his hide would stand the stretch, but it bursts on the way. A mule might pull as much as an engine, and then again it mightn't. A few great men lead the procession in all lines. A Brooks, a Spurgeon, a Beecher, will pitch the tone for a century higher than most men can sing in the theological world. Here and there, a farmer is getting rich, broadening his acres, shows the world what a farmer can do if he is a man as well as a farmer. A man who succeeds at one thing may have succeeded at many others. A failure is a failure. It takes pluck and vim and brains to "get there." If a fellow has got them and don't "get there" he ought to be left, and will be left, and left forever. There is a good deal of independence and dogmatism about a fellow who gets there. A man who is always working, struggling and doing something loses sympathy with tramps and idlers. A man who keeps and saves and accumulates loses sympathy with the prodigal and wasteful. A man who studies and thinks and grows intellectually soon parts company with fools. One man will take a great railroad system and bankrupt it. Another man will take hold of a bankrupt system, like Samuel Spencer and the Southern System, and literally raise it from the dead. One pastor can take a church and run it like a thing of life. Another soon gets it ready for spiritual interment. One farmer converts sunshine and showers into grain and wheat and oats and corn and cotton and potatoes. For another all these things seem to make only weeds and grass. One college graduate has taken curriculum of the school simply as a springboard to leap into higher and better success. Others have come home from college to board with their daddies until their daddies-in-law furnish equal or better lodgings. One man begins braying on a railroad. By and by he is president of the road. Another fellow starts out as vice-president and winds up without the position of brakeman.

Gravity inverted carries a man upward. He who can invert gravity don't need wings to fly. A Joseph Pulitzer can take a daily newspaper out of the dust and give it the largest circulation of any newspaper in the world. Others turn their newspapers over into the hands of the sheriff or receiver. There is more in the man than there is in the land. If a boy has got in him what we call metal in his blade of a knife he will cut his way. If he has not he had as well stay down and take it easy. A little boy was running along in front of a gentleman on the sidewalk once and couldn't keep out of the way well. The gentleman said to him: "Get out of my way, boy. What are you fit for, anyway?" The little fellow replied: "I am the stuff they make men out of." There is the point at last. If the fellow has got the stuff in him that can make a man then he gets there.

There is a diversity in wives. Some wives are but wings to their husbands by which they can fly from hilltop to mountain-top until they soar in the altitudes of success. Other wives are but millstones about their husbands' neck. So in every phase of life they come and go. They go up and come down. Ambition, effort, economy, honesty—these qualities carry to highest success. Indolence, extravagance and shiftlessness cut a man's legs or arms off and make him crawl like a worm. I don't know a man to-day who has succeeded in life but who has deserved to succeed. There may be some who have failed who didn't deserve to fail. A man who is aimless, purposeless, ambitionless is a cipher. The world must carry him, must feed

him, must clothe him. The successful man is preeminently a busy man. If something is not ready for him to do, he hunts a job. The old adage says: "All things come to him who waits." Whether all things come to him or not, death and the coffin come to him sooner or later.

Many a man has pulled nearly to the top of the hill of success, and then let his wagon run back with him to the bottom of the hill. Maybe if he had pulled an hour or a day longer he would have reached the top and rested on the hill of success. More failures have been made near the hill-top than everywhere else from base to top. It takes a man to pull when his shoulders are sore, when he is out of breath and trembling in every nerve; but the fellow who starts to the top determined to get there or die, generally dies on top of the mountain. Very few lie dead between the base and the top. I would not ridicule a man's natural infirmities if he has not had the facility or opportunity to remedy them, but thousands of the defects of life are not natural. They come of the life we live. They come like a sober man becomes a drunkard, like a good man becomes a rascal, like a rich man becomes a pauper. To stultify and blunt the capabilities is as wicked as arson or theft. To pervert the faculties which, if rightly used, would bring success, is a crime itself. It is my duty to use all I have, mind, heart and soul resources and all, as simply stepping stones to something higher and better. It is easy by effort, and measured all round the effort in climbing is far easier than the pangs of rolling downward.

I have mixed with men who have succeeded. They meant to succeed or die. I have mixed with men who failed. They had rather fail than die; hence they failed and have not died yet. Traveling as I do, almost constantly here and there I see diversities manifold, manifold. Some of them inspire and some of them sicken. Thus humanity marches on, every man to his liking.

SAM JONES.

The Dangers of Confidences.

Everything that is delightful is dangerous, and the woman friend, on account of the very sympathy and understanding which makes her such a comfort, may become a source of peril to the unwary, who are apt to confide too much. A cynic once said that the only way to treat friends was to remember that some day they might become enemies. To do this would be to do away with all friendship, all trust, all that makes love sweet and beautiful, but at the same time there is a world of sound advice in Burns' admonition to "aye keep something to yourself you scarcely tell to any." If the details of your private affairs, your griefs, and trials, and joys, and hopes, are not to become public property you must keep your own counsel or else trust some one for having more discretion than you have yourself.

There are many women capable of the most exalted friendship, great of heart, broad in sympathy, wise in counsel. Having found one of these grapple her to your heart with hooks of steel, but remember that the truest friendship is all the finer for its reserve. The heart that turns out our respect and emotion for our inspection is like a shallow box, of which we soon tire, because we know all its contents. We like to feel that in the soul of those nearest and dearest to us there are still depths which the plummet of our love has never sounded, and secret chambers the opening of whose doors may some day find our friendship with perfume and light.

Not His Handwriting.

Old man Davidson, in Leake county, Mississippi, has a son in Texas. A short time ago young Davidson got into trouble and was arrested and fined. He had no money, and it was got to jail or raise it by some means. He told the sheriff that if he would wait until he could write home to his father the money would be forthcoming as soon as his family were acquainted with his troubles, and the mails could bring it. The sheriff suggested that he telegraph to his father to send him the money by telegraphic money order. He acted upon this suggestion. When the telegram reached the Mississippi office the operator had to send several miles into the country to the old man. When Mr. Davidson read it he was confused and could not understand it, and appealed to his wife to assist him. She looked at the telegram, and handing it back said: "John, that ain't William's handwriting; it's a trick of some of them town folks to beat you out of \$50." The old man thought his wife was right. William laid in a Texas jail until he got a reply from a letter.

"A horse is no good any more," declared the bicycle dealer, "ride him an hour and he's tired." Yes, but one of your durned machines is allus tired before you start to ride it," said the farmer, who was just looking around.

Not a few who read what Mr. Robert Rowls, of Hollands, Va., has to say below, will remember their own experience under like circumstances: "Last winter I had a gripe which left me in a low state of health. I tried numerous remedies, none of which did me any good, until I was induced to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. The first bottle of it so far relieved me that I was enabled to attend to my work, and the second bottle effected a cure." For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

It is mighty nice to look upon pictures and see the horses rearing, the flags waving and the brave men rushing and struggling, but top may look at all the pictures of the world and know nothing of what war really is.

SARGE PLUNKETT.

A War for Cuba Seems Almost Certain If Spain Wants to Get Angry.

Atlanta Constitution.

Everybody in these parts is in for helping Cuba. All are for war, and it is common talk that it will only be a little before breakfast job. Brown pulls down the lid of his left eye, as much as to say: "Do you see anything green," whenever he hears anything about how easy we could settle the whole business, and remarks privately that he thinks he had heard such talk before. He was so badly fooled in a small matter in 1861 that it is impossible to get him enthused for Cuba. But I am for Cuba, for it is nothing more than I have expected for a good while that a war should come, and I am almost persuaded that wars are a necessity. I do not know if it is tariff or silver or over production or too many people, but anyhow, the people invite a change—anything to relieve the pressure of hard times, and I am afraid there is too little of the patriotic feeling in the thing.

We have been reading up on wars and the causes of wars, and in this connection we found the history of the crusades of much interest. After mature deliberation, we have decided that it would be a pretty hard job to find anything better than a revival of the old crusades, if too many people mind is what the matter with the world. Millions went upon these crusades in the olden times, and but few that went ever returned. It was thus that the population of Europe was trimmed out time after time, and I expect that they would have kept on with them had not America been discovered and furnished a place to receive the surplus of Europe. As last America can stand no more, and some plan must be hit upon for the relief needed. A war with Spain over Cuba might be a very small affair in itself, but it might lead to something big enough to satisfy us all and have the effect of removing the pressure without reviving the crusades.

Brown and I disagree on many things, but I always give him a chance to express himself. He swears that England can always be depended upon in taking care of her own. He tells me that he has been watching through a long life and that somehow England gets up some sort of devilment every time there is any meddling with the tariff, and that he has never seen a prospect of changing the channel of trade from the way they want it but what something would happen to divert from such a movement. He points to instances to strengthen this argument. Some years ago the town of Brunswick, Ga., took a spurt, and it looked as if commerce was going to be revolutionized through that port. Just as Brunswick got at its best an epidemic of yellow fever struck the port and Brunswick has out no figure from that day to this in the commerce of the world or on the question of direct trade. I do not believe that any people would sow the seeds of an epidemic to carry a point or to avert something that they might consider against their interest, but they might raise a war to such an end and there might be people in this country who would help.

But I am with the great majority—let us have war. I am glad to have something to abuse; it is necessary to have something, and Spain will do for a little while. It had begun to get so that we had nothing to abuse. We had cussed the yankees and the north until we had exhausted the subject; long ago we had quit spelling negro with two "g's," the Chinese, the dago and everything else had outgrown all our abuse and we just have to jump on something. So let'er roll, but I can warn the young generation that there is mighty few "soft" places in a war that is a war. I know a fellow that tried every branch of the Confederate service for a "soft" place and died in disgust at himself for being a fool. When the war first started he joined the cavalry and pranced around through Tennessee drinking butter-milk until he got so big and fat that it was a misery for him to ride, and so he got a transfer to the heavy artillery at Savannah. At Savannah he lay around and ate oysters until he got bigger than ever and lazier than ever. He had but little to do, but he grumbled about having to throw up breastworks and handle heavy guns, and decided that he had made a mistake in leaving the cavalry. One day after he had lifted at a big cannon for a few minutes he decided that he would get a transfer to the flying artillery, and according he did, and went to Virginia in great glee over getting away from the heavy guns of Savannah. About one week with the army of Virginia convinced this man that he was the biggest fool that ever lived on earth. He pulled his own hair, gritted his teeth and jumped up and down in his frenzy. When the seven days' fight at Richmond had ended he went out on a log to himself and spent ten hours just incensing himself, but the fool went right to work for another change. This time he got a transfer to the infantry, and when he had tried this a few hours he shut his mouth and was never known to speak again during the war. There is none but an old soldier that could imagine the joke in going into the infantry for an easy place.

It is mighty nice to look upon pictures and see the horses rearing, the flags waving and the brave men rushing and struggling, but top may look at all the pictures of the world and know nothing of what war really is.

And it is very fine to listen to patriotic speeches and step proud to the sound of music, but these things can lead you nothing of war nor of war matters as they really are. Fighting is not all of war either. There is marching and starving and lingering in sickness and grieving for home until the most of fellows would take the mere fighting part as a dessert.

But I have no desire to keep a single arm from the patriots of Cuba. If war is not a necessity, it is at least foolish in an old man trying to stay the tide when it turns that way. I can remember how anxiously the Confederates hoped for help from abroad—especially from the Democrats of the West—and how our spirits drooped as the years rolled and instead of the thrilling songs of the beginning we had such as "When the Cruel War Is Over."

SARGE PLUNKETT.

Herrmann's Great Trick.

Now that Herrmann the Great is gone there can be no harm in explaining his wonderful trick of catching the bullets shot at him by six National Guardsmen was done. It will be remembered that Herrmann performed this feat twice for the benefit of the *Herald* free ice fund—once on August 1, 1894, and again last May.

On both occasions the famous prestidigitator stood alone upon the stage, while six picked marksmen from the State National Guard fired point blank upon him from a platform built in the audience. On both occasions Herrmann, pale of face and painfully alert, caught the bullets, previously marked by a committee of noted army men, and handed them back hot from the barrels for identification.

Of course it was a trick, but it was a dangerous trick, and one that Herrmann disliked to do. But even he was less nervous than the marksmen, who, acting in perfect good faith, feared that they might kill the plucky magician.

Many have been the alleged explanations of this trick published in various newspapers. They have all been wrong. Herrmann himself told the *Herald* how it was done, and here it is:

Of course there was an accomplice, and this accomplice was not one of the marksmen, but the sergeant in charge of them. This sergeant took the six regulation army bullet cartridges on a silver platter to the committee.

The committee examined them, made sure they were genuine, marked them plainly and replaced them on the platter. The sergeant instantly raised the platter in plain sight at arm's length above his head, walked over to the marksmen, and they themselves each took a cartridge, examined it and placed it in the rifle. Then came the shooting.

The trick lay in the platter, which had a false bottom. Under this bottom lay six other cartridges, identical in size, weight and appearance, but holding bullets made of a composition of plumbago and mercury. When the sergeant held the platter aloft, he touched a spring and by a clever mechanism these six "fake" cartridges jumped into the platter, while the genuine cartridges disappeared beneath the false bottom.

So it was the composition cartridges that the marksmen unknowingly put into their rifles, and on firing this composition was instantly melted by friction through the barrels and dissipated in the air.

Meantime, however, the supposedly empty platter was taken behind the wings, where the genuine cartridges were drawn out, quickly heated and carefully placed by an attendant on a table, where Herrmann, just before the firing, carefully picked them up and palmed them. Holding them in his hands during the firing, he immediately produced them as the smoke cleared.

A simple trick, but a very dangerous one for the platter's mechanism failed to work completely, one or more of the genuine cartridges might have got into the rifles of the marksmen and thence into Herrmann's body.—*New York Herald.*

Easing His Conscience.

"Well," said the deacon, "I sold old Bill to-day."

"Who to?" asked his wife.

"Jim Allenbaugh. Got \$50 for 'im."

"Fifty dollars! I don't see how your conscience ever let you let anybody pay that much for a bally horse that ain't worth more'n \$15."

"Well," said the deacon, thoughtfully, "I don't believe I could have done it only I know that Jim will take him out one of his Sunday fishin' trips an' old Bill will balk, and Jim will have a chance to set for three or four hours meditatin' on the sin of Sabbath breakin'."

— He was an earnest minister, and one Sunday in the course of a sermon on the significance of little things, he said: "The hand which made the mighty heavens made a grain of sand; which made the lofty mountains made a drop of water; which made you made the grass of the field; which made me made a daisy!"

How's This.

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. We, the undersigned, have known P. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. Send to us at once for a free trial bottle of our Catarrh Cure. Sold by all Druggists. J. W. WEST, TEAL, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKER, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, St. Louis, Mo. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Remedies sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Zeb White Tells a Fireside Story.

One autumn evening as I sat before the fire in the cabin of Zeb White, the "possum hunter" of Tennessee, I asked him to narrate an adventure, and after a bit of thinking, he said: "Up to 10 years ago there used to be heaps and heaps of painters (painters) on this yere mounting, and now then they would cum skulkin' 'bout the cabin o' nights and cry out in a way to make yo' h'r stand up. One afternoon I cum home from town to find my ole woman in the sulks. She used to get that way now and then, and it allus ended in a row. When she began to jaw I began to whistle, but after half an hour I got mad. I'd agone out and slept in the woods, only it was gwine to be a dark and rainy night. She sulked and I sulked and when it cum time to go to bed I set right yere and never minded the time. She didn't yere to make up and so I was sittin' yere, when mid-night cum. She was asleep and so was I when that cum a cry from out doahs. It was just like the hoot of a woman lost in the woods, and it was ringin' in my ears when the ole woman sits up in bed and calls out: "Zeb White, what on airth was that?"

"A woman hootin' fur help," sez I. "It can't be. No woman would be hootin' around yere this time o' night." "Then it may be an owl." "Then you may be a fool."

"Her callin' me a fule riled me up," said Zeb, "and, though I was purty sartin that it was the scream of a painter, I determined not to gin in. Purty soon we got it again, and it was nigher the house. The beast was prowlin' around, and that scream made a chill creep up by back."

"It's a painter," said the ole woman, as she got out o' bed lookin' purty pale.

"Sho! It's one of them Davis gals lost in the woods. Reckon she was out arter chestnuts and got turned around."

"Then you don't know sugar from sand. Listen to that. Does that sound like the hoot of a woman?"

"Jest exactly. I'll bet my ole gun agin a coon skin that it's a woman. I'll open the doah so she kin see the light and they'll get to her. Powerful dark night for a woman to be stompin' around in the woods by herself."

"Zeb White, I'm a-tellin' yo' it's a painter, no woman. If yo' wasn't so tarnation shuckless and low down yo'd know it fur yo' self. If yo' open that doah somebody's gwine to git clawed and bit."

"That riled me sum mo'," said the old man, as he hitched back from the fire, "and I was bound to open that doah or bust. I could even h'r the painter prowlin' around, but yo' see, I was nigher to let the ole woman bluff me down. I riz right up and was listenin' when she sez:

"This yere painter is arter meat fur shore."

"That yere woman is lookin' fur our cabin, yo' mean, and yere goes to let her in."

"Zeb, hain't yo' got no sense in yo' head?"

"Not arter livin' with yo' fur twenty y'ars!"

"With that I crossed over and opened the back doah, an' as I did so the ole woman made a dive fur the bed and kivered up her head. I had just swung the doah back and opened my mouth to hoot when sunthin' knocked me clean across the cabin and uttered an awful scream. It was a sure-enough painter an' a mighty big one at that. He hust jumped on the bed and scratched at the clothes. But as I got up he turned and tackled me. Ever have a foot with a painter?"

"No, I never did."

"Yo' needn't sign for me. They've got teeth like the biggest kind of a buzz saw an' their claws are like red-hot knife blades. I was took so sudden that the critter had all the advantage at first, but time by I got hold of a stool and storer held my own. He kept me mighty busy, but I saw the ole woman sittin' up in bed arter a bit and heard her say:

"Zeb White, if that's one o' them Davis gals, then she's powerfully changed since last Sunday. Why don't yo' as her to take off her bunnit and stay all night?"

"How did the matter end?" I asked, as the old man was a long time refilling his pipe."

"Wall, I finally druv the critter out doahs and got the doah shut, an' then I fell down and fainted away, and didn't know nuthin' mo' fo' an hour. I don't rightly remember how many bites and scratches I got, but I was laid up for six weeks, and had a tuff time of it."

"Mrs. White didn't have anything more to say, did she—anything more about your taking the painter's scream for the hoot of a woman?"

"Sartinly, she did," he replied "Bout the fust words I heard arter I cum to wade."

"Say, Zeb White, yo'd better look out fur that Davis gal arter this! She's bit an' clawed yo' till I've got to make a poultice as big as a barrel to kiver the hurts."

"And what did you say in reply?"

"Nuthin'—nuthin' tall. I jest bluffed myself an' got the worst of it, an' so I set up. Yes, she's right up, an' let her grin and chuckle an' poke fun at me. Yes I knowed when I was licked an' I laid that an' cried an' didn't hev nuthin' to say—nuthin' tall."

—M. Quad, in *St. Louis Republic.*

— A Warren County (Indiana) man thinks he has a fortune in a calf that has two heads and no tail.

Mrs. William McKinley.

Those who have ever participated in official life at the National Capital know how important a role is played by the wife of the President of the United States. The readable volume, "The Ladies of the White House," shows that this importance dates from the accession of Gen. Washington to the Executive chair. The President's wife has as many social duties to perform as any Queen or Empress of the Old World. But unlike them she is not protected by a rigid and historical etiquette in the discharge of her official functions. Democracy has destroyed these bulwarks, and opened the White House doors to the world. The President's wife stands in her parlor on regularly appointed days to be looked at, commented upon, criticized and stared at by as many thousands as can crowd their way into the Windsor Castle of the New World. This is the one custom more honored in the breach than in the observance. Another is the practice of delegations of either men or women, or both, calling upon her in regard to every subject upon which the can be discussed. There are others, but these are sufficient to show that the path of the mistress of the White House is not strewn with roses altogether. It requires the calm, heroic spirit, the favor of a fair of a courtier, to fill the office satisfactorily. When this is the case there is an Administration which is long remembered as having been embellished by Dolly Madison; Harriet Lane or Mrs. Harrison.

It is a matter of gratulation that the new mistress of the White House after March 4 will be one well qualified for the position. Mrs. McKinley nee Saxton is of American colonial descent, who carries in her heart the traditions and achievements of this great Republic. Well educated and cultured, she possesses the social grace requisite to the society leader. Acquainted with the prominent men of both parties, accustomed to the official society in the Capital of the State of Ohio, as well as in the Capital of the nation, she will bring to her task the experience and unconscious training which will make easy its performance. Loving domestic and literary life, yet keenly alive to national and international, home and foreign affairs, she will bring with her the atmosphere which befits the residence of our Chief Magistrate.—*American Jew.*

The Mosaic Age in Literature.

Biblical scholars will need to be alert to keep up with the substantial and unquestioned results of archaeological discoveries. No field is more fascinating or confirmatory of the Scriptures, particularly those of the Old Testament. At a church congress recently held in Norwich, England, the proceedings of which were reported in the *New York Sun*, Prof. Sayce, dealing with a great mass of newly discovered material in recent excavations, said:

"From Egypt, Babylon, Assyria, from Palestine itself, old literature and inscribed monuments are pouring in coeval with the age of the patriarchs and of Moses, and offering numerous opportunities for testing the truth and antiquity of the biblical record. We now know that the Mosaic age in the East was a highly literary one, as literary, in fact, as the age of the Renaissance in Europe, and that it would have been a miracle if the Israelites, whether in Egypt or Canaan, had not shared in the general literary culture of the time. In the century before the Exodus a constant correspondence was constantly going on from the banks of the Nile to those of the Euphrates. That correspondence was in the foreign language and foreign script of Babylonian, necessitating the existence all over the civilized East of schools, libraries, teachers and pupils. The antiquity of Chaldean literature was equally great. The chief cities of the countries boasted of their libraries, some of which had been founded six thousand years ago. At the very time when Abraham was born in Ur of Chaldaea, one of its poets was composing a great epic in twelve books, which formed the close of the long preceding period of epic verse. So far as the ancient East is concerned, we cannot too soon rid ourselves of the notion that literature is a modern invention."

"Moses then could have written the Pentateuch, and those to whom it is addressed could have read and understood it. The books of the Old Testament are but a fragment of the Hebrew literature which once existed, and even apart from the possible corruptions of the text, the meaning of numerous Hebrew words and grammatical constructions is merely a matter of conjecture."

—Teacher.—"Now, if I take your slate pencil what can I do with it?" Little Boy—"You tan turl your hair."

—Recent insurance statistics show that if the wife dies first the husband on an average survives nine years; while if the husband dies first the wife survives eleven years.

—Many merchants are well aware that their customers are their best friends and take pleasure in supplying them with the best goods obtainable. As an instance we mention Perry & Cameron, prominent druggists of Flushing, Michigan. They say: "We have no hesitation in recommending Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to our customers, as it is the best cough medicine we have ever sold, and always gives satisfaction." For